Promiſe-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You plai'd once in the Univerſity you ſay.

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th Capitoll,
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capitall a calfe there.
Be the Players ready?

Roſ. I my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's metall more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?

Ophel. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrey matters?

Ophel. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between maids legs.

Ophel. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Jig-maker, what ſhould a man doe but be merry: for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the divell weare black, for Ile have a ſute of ſables: O heavens! dye two months agoe, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his life halfe a yeere; but berLady a muſt build Churches then, or elſe ſhall a ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.

The Trumpets ſound. *Dumbe ſhew followes.*

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him